1431.24.2

PROLOGUE
TO
The Dutcheſs,
On Her Return from
SCOTLAND.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WHEN Factious Rage to cruel Exile, drove
The Queen of Beauty, and the Court of Love;
The Muſes Droop'd, with their forſaken Arts,
And the ſad *Cupids* broke their uſeleſs Darts.
Our fruitfull Plains to Wilds and Deſarts turn'd,
Like *Edens* Face when baniſh'd Man it mourn'd:
Love was no more when Loyalty was gone,
The great Supporter of his Awfull Throne.
Love cou'd no longer after Beauty ſtay,
But wander'd Northward to the verge of day,
As if the Sun and He had loſt their way.
But now th' Illuſtrious Nymph return'd again,
Brings every Grace triumphant in her Train:
The wondring *Nereids*, though they rais'd no ſtorm,
Foreſlow'd her paſſage to behold her form:
Some cry'd a *Venus*, ſome a *Thetis* paſt:
But this was not ſo fair, nor that ſo chaſt.
Far from her ſight flew Faction, Strife and Pride:
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
What e'er we ſuffer'd from our ſullen Fate,
Her ſight is purchas'd at an eaſy rate:

Three

Three gloomy Years againſt this day were ſet:
But this one mighty Sum has clear'd the Debt.
Like *Joſeph*'s Dream, but with a better doom;
The Famine paſt, the Plenty ſtill to come.
For Her the weeping Heav'ns become ſerene,
For Her the Ground is clad in cheerfull green:
For Her the Nightingales are taught to ſing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the Spring.
The Muſe reſumes her long-forgotten Lays,
And Love, reſtor'd, his Ancient Realm ſurveys;
Recalls our Beauties, and revives our Plays.
His Waſt Dominions peoples once again,
And from Her preſence dates his Second Reign.
But awfull Charms on her fair Forehead ſit,
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit.
Pleaſing, yet cold, like *Cynthia*'s ſilver Beam,
The Peoples Wonder, and the Poets Theam.
Diſtemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more ſhall vex the Church, and tear the State;
No more ſhall Faction civil Diſcords move,
Or onely diſcords of too tender love:
Diſcord like that of Muſicks various parts,
Diſcord that makes the harmony of Hearts,
Diſcord that onely this diſpute ſhall bring,
Who beſt ſhall love the Duke, and ſerve the King.

FINIS.

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon* at the *Judge's Head* in *Chancery-lane* near *Fleetſtreet*. 1682.

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